

**Farriers' Department.**

**COLIC—CURE FOR HORSES OR PERSONS.**—Spirits of turpentine 3 ozs.; laudanum 1 oz.; mix, and give all for a dose, by putting it into a bottle with half a pint of warm water, which prevents injury to the throat. If relief is not obtained in one hour, repeat the dose, adding half an ounce of the best powdered aloes, well dissolved together, and have no uneasiness about the result.

**Symptoms.**—The horse often lies down, suddenly rising again, with a spring; strikes his belly with his hind feet, stamps with his fore feet, and refuses every kind of food, &c. I suppose there is no medicine in use for colic, either in man or horse, equal to this mixture.

For persons, a dose would be from 1 to 2 teaspoons; children or weak persons, less, according to the urgency of the symptoms; to be taken in warm water or warm tea. I have been familiar with it for about 5 years, and know that it has been successful in many cases, all where it has been used. Many think it the best colic remedy in the world.

2. **ANOTHER.**—Laudanum  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz.; sulphuric ether 1 oz. Mix, and for a horse give all at a dose, in warm water as above. Dose for a person, as the first.

A Mr. Thorpe, of whom I obtained this recipe, tells me he has cured colic in horses, in every case, with the first dose, except one, and in that case by repeating the dose thirty minutes after the first. There is no question but what it is good, and some would prefer it to the turpentine. I know it is valuable.

**BOTS—SURE REMEDY.**—When a horse is attacked with bots it may be known by the occasional nipping at their own sides, and by red pimples or projections on the inner surface of the upper lip, which may be seen plainly by turning up the lip.

First, then, take new milk 2 qts.; molasses 1 qt.; and give the horse the whole amount. Second, 15 minutes afterwards, give very warm sage tea 2 qts. Lastly, 30 minutes after the tea, you will give of curriers' oil 3 pts. (or enough to operate as physic.) Lard has been used when the oil could not be obtained, with the same success.

The cure will be complete, as the milk and molasses cause the bots to let go their hold, the tea puckers them up, and the oil carries them entirely away. If you have any doubt, one trial will satisfy you perfectly. In places where the curriers' oil cannot be obtained, substitute the lard, adding three or four ounces of salt with it; if no lard, dissolve a double handful of salt in warm water, three pints, and give all.

We extract the above from Dr. Chase's Recipes, the useful book that we offer for a prize for getting up a club. See adv.

**CLEANSE THE SKIN.**—It is a curious fact, illustrating the necessity of cleanliness, and of keeping the pores of the skin open, that if a coat of varnish or other substance impervious to moisture be applied to the exterior of the body, death will ensue in about six hours. The experiment was once tried on a child at Florence. On the occasion of Pope Leo the Tenth's accession to the papal chair, it was desired to have a living figure to represent the Golden Age, and so a child was gilded all over with varnish and gold leaf. The child died in a few hours. If the fur of a rabbit or the skin of a pig be covered with a solution of India rubber in naphtha, the animal ceases to breathe in a couple of hours.

**TO RAISE STRAWBERRIES.**—First, get them; add a top dressing of good cream, and if the land be at all sour, a sprinkling of sugar will decidedly improve the quality of the crop. Then get a spoon, raise the berries as high as necessary, and dispose of them as you think fit. Many people eat them, but that is at the option of the raiser.

**Getting Wet.**

*Hall's Journal of Health* sensibly discourses: Summer showers frequently overtake persons, and "wet them to the skin," it is then safer to walk steadily and rapidly on, until the clothes become dry again, than to stop under the shelter and remain there still until the storm is over. If home is reached while the clothing is yet wet, take some hot drink instantly, a pint or more; go to the kitchen fire, remove every garment, rub the whole body with a coarse towel or flannel, put on woolen underclothing, get into bed, wrap up warm, and take another hot drink; then go to sleep, if at night; if in the day time get up in an hour, dress, and be active for the remainder of the day. Suppose you sit still in the damp clothing; in a few minutes chilliness is observed; the cold "strikes in," and next morning there is a violent cold, or an attack of pleurisy or pneumonia, which if not fatal in a week, often requires weeks and months and weary years to get rid of. The short, sharp rule should be, if the clothing gets wet, change instantly, or work or walk actively, briskly, until perfectly dry.

For the Farmer's Advocate.

**Katie Lee and Willie Grey.**

Two brown heads with tossing curls,  
Red lips shutting over pearls,  
Bare white feet, all wet with dew,  
Two black eyes and two eyes blue:  
Little boy and girl were they,  
Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

They were standing where the brook,  
Bending like a shepherd's crook,  
Flashed its silver, and thick ranks  
Of green willows fringed the banks,  
Half in thought and half in play,  
Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

They had cheeks like cherries red;

He was taller—most a head;  
She, with arms like wreaths of snow,  
Swung a basket to and fro,  
As she loitered, half in play,  
Chattering with Willie Grey.

"Pretty Katie," Willie said,  
And there came a dash of red  
Through the brownness of his cheek—  
"Boys are strong and girls are weak,  
And I'll carry, yes, I will,  
Katie's basket up the hill."

Katie answered with a laugh:  
"You shall carry only half."  
And then, tossing back her curls—  
"Boys are weak as well as girls."  
Do you think that Katie guessed  
Half the wisdom she expressed?

Men are only boys grown tall,  
Hearts don't change much after all,  
And, when long years from that day,  
Katie Lee and Willie Grey  
Stood again beside the brook  
Bending like a shepherd's crook—

Is it strange that Willie said,  
While again a dash of red  
Crossed the brownness of his cheek:  
"I am strong and you are weak;  
Life is but a slippery steep,  
Hung with shadows, cold and deep;

Will you trust me, Katie dear?  
Walk beside me without fear,  
And I'll carry, if you will,  
Your life's burdens up the hill."  
Again she answered with a laugh:  
"No—but you may carry half."

Close beside the little brook,  
Bending like a shepherd's crook,  
Washing with its silver hands  
Late and early at the sands,  
Stands a cottage where to-day  
Katie lives with Willie Grey.

Two men would not speak to each other;  
but one having been converted at a camp meeting, on seeing his former enemy, held out his hand saying: "How d'ye do, Kemp? I am humble enough to shake hands with a dog."

Editor Farmer's Advocate.

**Horse Shoeing.**

Sir,—In the June number of your valuable sheet I saw a piece headed "Observations on Shoeing." As it was in my line of business, I thought if there was any information to be had I would have it. It commenced this way:

"No person should ever allow his horse to be shod by a farrier who employs or keeps in his shop the knife used for cutting away the hoof, shaped like a small shovel, and braced against the shoulder when used in shovelling away the horn."

Now, I should suppose from the way this man speaks, that he is not acquainted with the name of this tool; neither is he any more acquainted with the use of it than he is with the name.

This valuable article is called a butteris, and I think if he will look in the Dictionary he will find that the meaning of the word "butteris" is not a small shovel, but a tool used to pare a horse's hoof. I have used the butteris ever since I started horse-shoeing, and have never seen any harm done with it yet, and I think it is one of the most useful tools I have in the shop. In using the butteris I can pare a horse's foot level, not as a great many horse-shoers do, take the little crooked knife and cut a little off the heels, then heat the shoe and burn the remainder; but I level it ready for the shoe to be nailed on, then there is no necessity for the hot shoe to be placed on the foot any longer than merely to see if it will fit.

In the next place he says:—

"The Almighty designed the frog as an elastic insensible cushion on which the horse should walk, and not one particle of it should ever be touched with a knife. If allowed to take its natural course, it becomes a perfect safety stand and protection to the foot."

This is all very good, but did the Almighty ordain that the frog should remain on the horse's foot without growing or becoming ragged? if so, He has created a new breed of horses where you live.

It has always been a rule with me to clean out the foot, and cut off any loose pieces of frog which may be hanging, and I have never seen any bad results from it. In some cases you will see a new frog grow up, and the old one will become loose and dangling, especially in horses that are not travelling much on the road. In this case would you leave it long, and in a short time it would drag the ground and stick out behind the heel; if so I would call you a slovenly horse shoer. I should like to know if you ever pare your toe nails? and if so, why you do it? Is it not as reasonable to suppose that they will wear off smooth by constant walking, as it is to suppose that the frog of a horse's foot will clean itself by constant labor?

I should like to see more practical lessons on Shoeing, such as "Interfering," "Over-reaching," &c.

Yours, &c., A SUBSCRIBER.

Perhaps our correspondent will favor us with some of his own ideas regarding the cause of interfering and overreaching. They are subjects well worth being wakened up and discussed. Perhaps some one may reply to him if he should wander from the beaten path.

Editor Farmer's Advocate.

**Honey-Producing Plants.**

To give a full list of the honey-producing plants of Canada, we would begin with the first flower of spring—the crocus. Our common garden crocus offers the first pollen to the "little busy bee, who is ever ready to improve each shining hour," even before the snow has left the hills. The willow of our swamps produces honey and pollen largely. The catkin—the first sign of vegetation amongst the leafless trees, is perhaps one of the most valuable honey-producing plants of our country, coming as it does as soon as the bees are able to travel. The willow should be planted around the premises, where the bees can get at it in early spring. The barberry comes into flower when there are very few other honey-producers, and although a good producer, is much neglected; it makes a fine hedge, growing about eight feet high, and will stand clipping in any shape; its flowers are yellow hanging very gracefully among the leaves, and its fruit stays on all winter. The native plum, cherry and crab-apple are honey fruits. The raspberry is one of our best honey plants, and the Philadelphia variety is better for honey than fruit. The locust tree offers rich stores

to the honey gatherer, just before the clover season, a time when most needed; this tree is very hardy, and, all things considered, it is a tree well worth planting in any place where its sprouting propensities will not trespass. The white clover is the great honey-producing plant; it grows on almost all kinds of soil, and appears just as the bees are ready to receive it; it produces honey and pollen at the season when comb building is going on, and the foundation laid for the season's work. The bass-wood is next in succession, and, being high up in the air, we little know the rich stores gathered from it by the little wanderer. Although the bass-wood is one of our finest shade trees, and adapted to all kinds of soil, it is much neglected. The clematis—a native vine, growing on low lands—makes a fine climber for arbors or screens, and bears a white flower that the bees take to in time of need. The buck-wheat is the great fall pasturage for the bee; some say it is not good, but that we will leave the bees to decide.

B. LOSTE.

Coburgh, August, 1871.

Editor Farmer's Advocate.

Sir,—I send a report of the seeds I received from you this spring. I sowed the pound of Russian barley on the 22nd of April last, on mucky soil, and it came on well for a short time, until the drought set in, which caused it to be short in the straw. The heads were nearly as long as the straw and well filled. I had such a small piece sown that when I had it harvested and taken to the barn, it appeared to me to be about half eaten by the rats, mice, geese, etc. On threshing, I had 34 lbs left for my share; as near as I can calculate, it yielded fifty to one. I think it is an excellent barley, and believe it would make good flour; its appearance is equal to the Mediterranean wheat, and I intend to try it. I sowed the four ounces of McCurling wheat the same day, beside the barley, and it yielded four lbs. of good wheat; it is an excellent variety. I sowed the four ounces of Baltic wheat at the same time, and it yielded 3½ lbs. In my opinion the Baltic is a good spring variety, but not at all equal to the McCurling. I will give you an account of how the potatoes succeeded, perhaps next month.

Yours, &c., T. F. K.

Maidstone, Aug. 24th, 1871.

**Fifty Dollar Challenge.**

I, William Mathewson, proprietor and patentee of Mathewson's Oscillating Washing Machine, hereby challenge all proprietors of other Washing Machines to a trial, to take place before three ladies, as judges, who will be appointed by the directors of the Provincial Board of Agriculture for Canada, who will arrange when and where such trial will take place. I hereby offer \$50 against any one accepting this challenge, for testing the capability of said washing machine, as to its efficiency for washing without anything but the usual amount of soap and water, washing the clothes thoroughly, protecting the fabric from any injury by being washed, and for the shortness of time employed and the ease with which it can be performed. The expenses of said trial to be paid out of the \$100 staked, and the balance to be paid over by the judges to the party gaining the trial.

WM. MATHEWSON.

Brougham, Aug. 1st, 1871.

**TEXAS CATTLE IN KANSAS.**—The entire country, east, west and south of Salina, down to the Arkansas river and Wichita, is now filled with Texas cattle. There is not only cattle "on a thousand hills," but a thousand on one hill, and every hill. The bottoms are overflowing with them, and the water-courses lined with this great article of traffic. Perhaps not less than 200,000 head are within the precincts of the State, 60,000 of which are within a day's ride of Salina. And the cry is: "Still they come!" Every available place is occupied from within five miles of Salina to the south line of the State.